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SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

On Repentance.

It is during the Lenten season that most of us have our thoughts directed toward sackcloth and ashes and repentance, and at all times the thought of repentance seems to imply something sad and gloomy, informed with the spirit of despair. And yet, rightly considered, the thought of repentance should have some part in every man's daily morning thoughts; for every morning, as we look back to the day before, we must recall, with regret, some of the things we did, or some act of kindness or good that we might have done, but neglected. For in some sort each morning sees us beginning a new life—the hours are new, and the opportunities; and whatever the mistakes of yesterday, it behooves us to remember that—

"God always pardons. For remorse is penitence, and penitence is new life and returning peace."

Such is the frailty of the human heart that we all have to fall back on repentance. Never lived there a man so perfect but there came a time in his life when he had to repent:

"They say best men are molded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad."

Out of a man's sins, if, indeed, he have the right stuff back of him, shall always come an increase of strength, of purpose, of energy, to aid him on the toilsome journey of life. The strong man, the man of will and determination, is he who, buffeted to the ground, even by his own mistakes and sins, still rises up, unashamed and unafraid, and fronts the world again. He will set his teeth hard on the bitter taste of failure, and look with heart and soul purified by repentance, undismayed, toward the goal. This is he able to echo in his heart the words of Shakespeare:

"I surmise To mock the expectation of the world; To frustrate prophecies, and to raise out Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down After my seeming."

"Seemingly"—that is what the world thinks of us as we seem! What really counts in this weary journey from life to death is not what we seem, but what we are. In the eyes of the world repentance will scarce ever set us right; the balm that is in it is for our own souls alone. The world will take little heed of us while we cry:

"Presume not that I am the thing I was; For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive, That I have turned away my former self."

It is by our acts, not our sentiments, that the world judges us. What we all need is not only to repent our past errors, but to see the future more clearly; to mark out the paths along which the virtues lie—paths which we can choose if we will, and not purposely be blind. It will do none of us much good to look backward on what we were; to remember, bitterly, how far we have fallen short. The danger in such a practice is that we shall fall dolefully to thinking of the past pleasures, fleeting as they were, forgetting the pain and the sorrow they brought in their train.

"What is done cannot be now amended; Men shall dole unadvisedly sometimes, While after-hours give leisure to repent."

But it is not wise to spend those "after-hours" in glorying over past sins, or congratulating ourselves on our present righteousness. The man who boasts—

"I do not shame To tell what I was since my conversion So sweetly tamed"—

is in grave danger of finding that he has fashioned for himself a weapon of pride and vaunt that shall shatter all his new-found virtues.

Bitter it is to have to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing; and yet, used rightly, that very bitterness shall, perhaps, lead us on to higher, nobler things. Not all at once, maybe, for none of us may hope to reach the heights of virtue in a single bound, for—

"Habitual evils seldom change too soon, But many days must pass and many sorrows, Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt, To curb desire, to break the stubborn will, And work a second nature in the soul. Ere virtue can resume the place she lost."

Gov. Patterson is being pretty generally advised to retire. If he does not care to take the advice right now, however, it seems probable that the people

of Tennessee will hand it to him in another form next November.

The Panama Canal Exposition.

Although nothing can be done now with the proposition to hold a Panama Canal exposition, New Orleans, which wants the show, is not idle by any means. When the New Orleans officials presented their claims to Congress they were rather appalled by the fact that San Francisco was in the field with many millions ready at hand to insure the success of the exposition without a government grant. New Orleans, at that time, had only \$1,000,000, and most of that pledged by private subscriptions. But the need of more money has been recognized, and this it is proposed to raise by a special exposition tax.

Gov. Sanders, of Louisiana, has called an extra session of the general assembly to convene August 15, the sole purpose of which is to submit a new amendment providing for an exposition tax that shall yield \$7,500,000. The matter has been much discussed among the people of Louisiana, and the general sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of such legislation. With this sum, the \$1,000,000 already subscribed and subscriptions already promised, New Orleans will come before the next session of Congress with not less than \$10,000,000 in hand with which to start, and this sum insures, it is thought, a bigger, more novel, and more magnificent exposition than we have yet seen.

One most sensible plan of the executive committee having the matter of the exposition in hand is that it shall be so arranged in the matter of laying out of grounds, buildings, &c., as to make the improvements permanent in character. Of the two main buildings to be erected for exposition purposes, one will be turned over to the city for a great auditorium and the other will be given to the State as a perpetual museum, wherein may be exhibited the products of the various parishes of the State.

With the additional advantage which the rapid raising of such vast sums of money will give her, New Orleans will come before the next session of Congress with other claims in her favor. Besides her accessibility, Congress will be asked to take into consideration the recent awakening of the South and the fact that within the past decade Northern capital has established and fostered industry there as never before.

After all is said, however, in behalf of New Orleans and San Francisco, the fact remains that Washington is the place for the exposition. Here it would be truly a national celebration—the whole country's show—and it should be under governmental auspices wholly.

Senator Heyburn Again.

Our great, good, and sometimes extremely amusing friend, Senator Heyburn, has broken loose again. This time the Senator protests against the playing of "Dixie" by orchestras not playing exclusively for "Dixie" audiences.

Senator Heyburn permits his dislikes to run away with him; and usually they are dislikes of a more or less ridiculous sort. He hates newspaper men, for one thing. He ought not to. Newspaper men are, generally speaking, not half bad; and Senator Heyburn could get along with them famously, perhaps, if only he would permit himself the luxury of trying. Besides, the Senator may take it from us, the newspaper men do not hate him. On the contrary, they rather like him. He furnishes them many pages of fairly interesting copy—and they know full well that his bark is infinitely worse than his bite.

And just as newspaper men are good fellows, so is "Dixie" a good tune—a rattling good tune. Mr. Roosevelt says it, "bully"; and the colonel knows a bang-up tune when he hears it, too. "Dixie" always gets the glad hand and much applause. Why? Not because it is sectional in appeal, but because it is one of those tunes that stand up and make you holler, whether or no. That is a fact. "Dixie" is a hurrah compeller. There is something about it that inclines people to fraternal jollification—everybody but lone and lonesome Senator Heyburn.

Now, the Idaho Senator need not imagine that he is going to depopularize "Dixie" by frowning upon it as a tune or seeking to suppress it in spots. "Dixie" is one of those things like the famous "bum-bum" candy they sold at the Chicago World's Fair—the more you chew it the bigger it gets.

If Senator Heyburn will yell the next time the band plays "Dixie" in his vicinity, and not growl, he will be surprised, perhaps, to find out how much better it will make him feel.

A South American of prominence thinks his section of the earth ought to go in extensively for wheat raising. Raising wheat beats raising Cain, anyway.

Another comet is reported to be headed this way. It is to be hoped that it will be a better show than the last one.

San Francisco is waging a vigorous warfare against the rats that infest the city. If only that town might manage to get rid of its Reufs and Schmidts!

The Ohio State Journal wonders what would happen to the proofreader who left the colonel's name off an article in the Outlook to which it should be attached. The proofreader probably would not wait to see.

After all the excitement, it is somewhat disconcerting to be informed that there is some doubt whether it can be shown legally that a crime was committed in the Crippen case.

Senator Dick says every Republican prospect pleases. So long as the Senator sees himself along the road to re-election, it is nothing but natural that he should be cheerful and optimistic about the remainder of the outfit.

England has just launched another Dreadnought—this one to be the biggest in the world. By and by, however, we suspect it will be found impossible to launch a bigger one than the biggest.

A doctor says he does not warn against kissing babies with an idea that anybody will pay attention to him. The doctor has some of his own, perhaps.

It develops that a magazine now in bankruptcy is indebted to Mr. Bryan in the sum of \$50. We fear the Nebraska does not get Oyster Bay rates for his stuff.

Lobsters are getting scarcer, it is said. However, as the lid is now on along the

Great White Way after midnight, the demand will not be nearly so large as formerly.

A Little Nonsense.

ANY ONE CAN DO IT.
I think I'll write a sea tale next.
Full of salt gales.
The sea has furnished likely text
For many tales.

I'll prate about the harbor and mast,
The typhoon's rage,
And make the captain say, "Avast!"
On every page.

Upon a sea tale I must try
My scribbling bent.
I've never been to sea; but why
Need that prevent?

True Love.
"Your father told me never to show
my face around his house again."
"Never mind, Cholly; I'll give a mask-
ed ball every week."

A Devotee of Bridge.
"She lives for bridge."
"So?"
"Yes. Instead of going to the sea-
shore for the summer, she boarded up
the front of the house and played bridge
in the cellar. It was just as cool and
there were no boisterous breezes to dis-
turb the cards."

His Plan.
While friends and family roam,
Dad thinks it best
To camp right out at home
And get a rest.

Didn't Like the Hotel.
"The gas is escaping."
"I wish I could follow its example, but
my board is paid for a week."

A Mean Slam.
"I saw the lovely Miss Wombat yester-
day. She says she hopes you are going
to Newport again this August."
"I think I shall. Will she be there?"
"No; she is going to Europe."

Where They Gossip.
"Out West it is considered healthy to
mind your own business."
"That's an odd notion."
"Think so?"
"Yes; that idea wouldn't be at all popu-
lar among the Eastern health resorts."

He Always Is.
"I once saw a couple married in a den
of lions."
"Did the groom seem scared?"
"Not any more than is usually the case."

ARKANSAS—A REVERIE.

Opie Read, in the National Magazine.
The years have flown swiftly since the
old Arkansas Traveler days, and on the
site of the "quater's" cabin there towers
a college, and on the banks of the
Thames ripe lawyers read the decisions
rendered by the son of the boy that sat
in the ash-poke, listening in wonder to
old Faulkner's diddle. One by one the
old-timers, individually, dropped out,
with a heavy stroke, have dropped out,
giving to place to cultivation and the
art of linguistic skill, and with Dryden
I am constrained to believe that "what
we gained in skill we lost in strength."
For romance, poetry, and heroic charac-
ters men of every age have turned to
the past, but in Arkansas romance and
characters were contemporaneous. The
cotton field in bloom, the melancholy
cypress, a brooding, settled over the
dreamy waters of the bayou, the joyous
mockingbird worshipping a sunrise which
he himself had "molded," the song of
negroes away off somewhere, chimed
from the belfry of happy souls; the
quaint old painter sitting on his veranda,
humorous under a mortgage, calling out
to passersby: "What's your hurry out
there? Get down, come in, and pay your
respects to the ladies while I make you
the finest mint julep you ever smacked
your mouth over, sir." There stood his
rambling old house now stands a cotton
mill. Do you see that dead apple tree,
the only remaining relic of an orchard
away over yonder on the hill? Beneath
its decaying boughs the old man sleeps.
And do you hear those men laughing out
there in that automobile? The grandson
has just repeated one of the old fellow's
stories. The young man has returned
from the State University. He knows
Ovid, and can splutter Pindar, but he has
no imagination. The old man was the
troubadour; the young chap is only an
elocutionist. I recall one night at a
neighborhood reception given in honor
of a foppish poet, whose fame, native to
Vicksburg, stretched thinly up and down
the Mississippi. Among the guests was
the old man who now sleeps beneath the
dead apple tree. Sophomores would not
have accepted him as a scholar, but
philosophers would have looked upon him
as one of their guild. He did not know
his Latin, but he knew those of his in-
timate acquaintance were Swift, Field-
ing, and Shakespeare. The River Poet
resented his literary opinions, expressed
surly with mildness and decorum, and
turning upon the old man snarled at him.
"Colonel," he said with a sneer, "per-
haps you don't know as much about such
matters as I do."
"Ah, as much as you think you do."
"Think I do! Old man, I have written
more poems than you ever read."
"Yes, you have written more poems
than anybody ever read."

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Revenge Is Sweet.

From the Atlanta Constitution.
As governor of New York, Pinckney could call
on the militia every time Ballinger invaded the
State.

Of Interest to Consumers.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
The market reports from Elgin say "butter is
stronger." That is why it is able to lift itself
higher.

A Bullet with an Errand.

From the New Mexico Review.
It is very likely that a bullet has furnished the
Democracy with its candidate for the Presidency
in 1912.

General Sorrow.

From the Philadelphia North American.
The Kansas insurgents are sorry that Cannon
talked so little. Cannon is probably sorry that he
talked at all.

None of Our Business.

From the Boston Post.
We do not approve of Mrs. Longworth's smug
disregard, if she does so; but if we believe it is
anybody's business but hers and Mr. Long-
worth's.

What Are Their Names?

From the Wheeling Intelligencer.
The revolutionists are reported to be in possession
of the two leading cities of Honduras. War is cer-
tainly an educator; we never knew before that
Honduras had two cities.

Li's Theory Discredited.

From the Boston Transcript.
Mr. Carlisle's total estate approximating only \$80,
000, after he had been Speaker of the House, a
Senator from Kentucky, and a Secretary of the
Treasury, further discredits the comment of Li
Hung Chang. Whenever told of the long public
service of anybody here, he responded complacently:
"Must be a very, very rich man."

A Slave Bill of Sale.

From the Kansas City Star.
F. C. Gordon noticed this morning a
scrap of paper blowing about an alley
by his office. Opening it he was some-
what amazed to find a bill of sale of a
negro slave in Independence more than
fifty years ago. It was in neat small
handwriting, on a small sheet of old
fashioned letter paper. Paper and ink had
retained their color well. It is supposed
the paper was dumped out in the process
of remodeling some old building. The
bill of sale reads as follows:

"Independence, Mo.
"Know all men by these presents that I, Sally
Ann, for and in consideration of the sum of
\$300, have this day sold to Samuel M. Parker
one negro boy named Enoch, of black color, about
nine years old, which I warrant to be a slave
for life, and I further warrant the said boy
against the claim or claims of any person or per-
sons whatever. The said Samuel M. Parker has
received his note bearing even date herewith for
the above-mentioned sum, the receipt of which is
hereby acknowledged.
"Witness under my hand and seal this 14th day
of May, 1859.
SAMUEL M. PARKER, a "wagon-
master" who lived in Independence. He
was killed on the plains in 1864.

Transparent.

From the Sphinx.
Pickens—Why have you nicknamed
your wife Crystal?
Dickens—Because she is always on the
watch.

THE SETTING OF THE SUN.

Broad are the fields, and long the road
Where the dust has sought its rest,
And the day's hot rays are creeping there
With the shadows from the west.
The old rail fence recedes at ease
With its years of being even date herewith for
And a peaceful sun floats through the trees
With the setting of the sun.

Light were the warts that trumped the road
Or sung in the meadow brown,
Warm was the hand that laid the dust
Or scattered the dandelion down.
Well were the tasks of men performed,
And soil was the day begun,
That's why there is ease the joy of rest
With the setting of the sun.

Ye who are lost in the city's throng,
Ye who are faint with the toll of years
That have bowed you in the strife;
Pause at the day slips over its side
And let heart's fancy run
Through the golden, golden long ago
With the setting of the sun.

The bloom in the brain that were yours in youth,
And there were the day's hot rays
To the golden glades where ere has crept
And the twilight haze is gray;
There come the slings from the archer land
Where the miles of day have been
And the youth that you knew come back to you
With the setting of the sun."

—St. Louis Star.

THE LEAD OF HONOR.

"The Lead of Honor" is the first novel
of a writer, Norval Richardson, who
manifests decided promise. The scene
of the story is Natchez, Miss.; the time,
1850 and later; the central character,
Sergeant Everett, a brilliant young lawyer
and orator, in whom students of Ameri-
can history will recognize Sergeant Pen-
dleton's successful statesman of that thrill-
ing earlier day.

The book's title is taken from the
crowning experience of the hero, who, in
following the "lead of honor," ever-
comes a mighty temptation, laying aside
for right's sake a sweet and long held
hope. Natalia Brandon, a lonely little
Southern child, loves Everett dearly, for
he brings into her life the warm affec-
tion not bestowed by the coldly brilliant
woman reigning in her Spanish mother's
place. She promises to be true to him
always, and Everett, who makes similar
promises, expects their mutual fulfillment
in the future. It is a bitter blow to have Natalia return
to the old home just in time for her
marriage to Morgan Talbot, who Everett
has known and loved at college. The
man's surging emotions are further
stirred by the necessity of defending
Talbot for the slaying of Lemuel Jerns.
For some years married to Natalia's step-
mother.

This is a tense and well-told story,
enriched by abundant incident and vivid
characterization. Everett, Natalia, the
slave Dicey, and certain other particu-
lars in the strong plot stand out clearly.
And while the work sometimes lacks
finish, it never lacks human interest or
sharpness of appeal. (Boston: L. C.
Page & Co.)

Notes of the Books.

The late Marion Crawford once re-
marked that "after all, the first object
of the novel is to amuse." And surely
there is, even perennially, a very wide
place for the novel written frankly for
the sole purpose of entertainment. And
in the hot days of summer the novel of
pure romance, diverting, open-air, free
from affection and from pretense, is
still more alluring. Such is "Blaze-
dripping," by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., pub-
lished a few weeks ago by Doubleday,
Page & Co. "Blaze," the book, and
Blaze, the hero, are both live, honest,
manly, and romantic throughout.

There is something deeply inspirational
in the triumph of a brave and beautiful
girl over the oppression and cruelty of
factory labor. Human, tender, and
sweet, with an ever responsive smile,
Johnnie Considine, who in spite of her
name is the heroine, not the hero, of
Frances Maclean Cook's new novel,
"The Power and the Glory," published by
Doubleday, Page & Co., comes down from
the pure mountain air of her childhood
to work in the stifling atmosphere and
whirling din of the cotton mill. Trials
crowd thickly upon her from the start.
But buoyantly certain and determinedly
delighted with everything, no matter
how hard the way, her superb courage
and never faltering hope carry her
through the blackest waters of despair
to a victory worth while. It is a brilliant
example she sets.

Too Old to Sleep.

From the Boston Journal.
One hundred years old and not having
had a night's sleep in fourteen months
is the experience of Mrs. Mary Tourcotte,
of 539 Main street, Brockton, whose case
has attracted the attention of the physi-
cians. Mrs. Tourcotte has not been in bed for
the entire fourteen months, as she had
found it impossible to sleep, and the
only rest she has had has been while
sitting in a reclining chair. There she
gets "cat naps," but does not lose con-
sciousness.

Everyday Gamble.

From the Daily News.
Probably there is nothing that terrifies
a young housekeeper more than not
knowing whether the cook will stay
longer than the company or the company
longer than the cook.

WHITE CATS MOSTLY DEAF.

Those with Odd Eyes Hear Poorly,
But Have Acute Sense of Feeling.
From the Scotsman.

The acuteness of the average cat's sense
of hearing is proverbial, but it is a
proverb that needs qualifying. For ex-
ample, many white cats are absolutely
deaf, and though the idea may appear
absurd at first sight, I am inclined to
believe that the color of a cat is as-
sociated with its sense of hearing.

I have several times imported Per-
sians, or long-haired cats from abroad,
but not one white one in the number has
been able to hear the slightest sound. Of
course I have possessed white cats that
could hear, but they have been the ex-
ception, and that applies as much to the
aristocratic long hairs of the shows.
Moreover, I have observed that the white
cats dullest of hearing are those with
blue eyes.

The cats with orange eyes which I have
had could hear quite well, those having
odd eyes—that is, one orange and one
blue—could hear a little but not well, and
those having blue eyes were quite deaf.
though all have come from the same
litter. All kittens have blue eyes till they
are about six weeks old, when the eyes
change to their adult or permanent color.
But to show how widely the permanently
blue eye differs to begin with from other
eyes I may say that immediately the eyes
of white cats that are to have perma-
nently blue eyes open they will shine
bright red in the dark and neither the
ephemeral kitten blue nor any other color
eye does this.

One peculiarity of deaf cats is that they
seem to have an exaggerated sense of feel-
ing in their feet pads. It is very difficult
for a heavy walking animal such as man
to approach a deaf cat from behind with-
out giving it warning, and this I attrib-
ute to the extreme sensitiveness of the
cat's feet, recording the slightest tremor
of the ground and so to a certain extent
taking the place of hearing. It is a belief
held by some country people that white
cats do not make good hunters, good
mouse or rat catchers, even if they do
hear. I am inclined to think that there is
a foundation for this idea, and I would
go further and say that dark colored cats
make the best mouse and rat catchers
because they hear best.

NEW YORK'S TELEPHONE BILL.

About \$250,000 Spent Annually by
the Various Departments.
From the New York Sun.

The city's telephone bill according to
the budget is \$230,000, but several of the
city departments have neglected to put
the telephone rentals separate in mak-
ing up their appropriations and have
charged them to the contingency fund of
the office. For instance, the mayor, cor-
oner, sheriff of estimates, Municipal and
Special Sessions courts, and some of the
county registrars have placed no specific
amount for telephone rent, but \$20,000 is
a conservative amount, so that the total
bill is about \$250,000.

The police department heads the list
with a rental of \$33,700, the office of
the five borough presidents come next
with a rental of \$23,100, the department of
water supply is a good third with a rental
of \$25,575, the fire department follows
closely with a modest bill of \$24,300. The
health department's bill is \$12,000, the
department of education \$12,343, public
charities, \$10,350; street cleaning depart-
ment, \$8,600; law department, \$7,500; cor-
rection department, \$6,600; finance depart-
ment, \$6,000; Bellevue Hospital, \$5,000;
park department, \$5,975; district attor-
ney's office, \$4,500; bridge department,
\$3,900; sheriff's office, New York, \$2,100;
sheriff, Kings County, \$1,000; general
sessions, \$1,250, and civil service, \$1,000.

About sixteen other county and bureau
offices sent in bills ranging from \$300
to \$1,000, the armory board and several
armies of the National Guard evidently
included their telephone bill in their
contingent fund. This bill would be
enough to satisfy 5,000,000 calls a year at
5 cents a call, giving the commissioners
about twenty calls every minute if all
offices were open twelve hours out of
the twenty-four.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

FIRST PRINTED BOOK—AUGUST 14.

According to "Stowe's Chronicles."
The first printed books were trifling
hymns and psalters, and, being printed
only on one side, the leaves were pasted
back to back. The first printing was, as
a book, the "Book of Psalms," by Faust
and Schaeffer, his son-in-law, August 14,
1457.

Several works were printed many
years before, but as the inventors kept
the secret to themselves, they sold their
first printed works as manuscripts. The
greatest rise to an adventure that brought
calamity on Faust, who began in 1469 an
edition of the Bible, which was finished
in 1490. Dr. Faust, or Faustus, as he is
frequently called, endeavored to con-
cise his art, and to this policy we are in-
debted for the tradition of "The Devil
and Dr. Faustus." Faustus associated
with John Gutenberg; their types were
cut in wood, and fixed, not movable, as
at present.

Having printed a number of copies of
the Bible to imitate those which were
commonly sold in manuscript, he under-
took the sale of them at Paris, where
printing was then unknown. As he sold
his copies for 60 crowns, while the scribes
demanded 500, he created universal as-
tonishment; but when he produced copies
as fast as they were wanted, and lowered
the price to 30 crowns, all Paris was
agitated.

The uniformity of the copies increased
the wonder. Informations were given to
the police against him as a magician, and
his lodgings being searched and a great
number of copies being found, they were
seized. The red ink with which they
were embellished was supposed to be
his blood, and it was seriously ad-
judged that he was in league with the
devil; and if he had not fled he would
have shared the fate of those whom su-
perstition judges condemned in those
days. A. D. 1469, for witchcraft.

The second book printed by Faust and
Schaeffer was "Cicero de Officiis," in 1462.
The first book printed in England was
"The Game and Play of the Chess," by
Caxton, in 1475. The first in Dublin was
the "Liturgie," in 1500. The first classical
work printed in Russia was "Corn.
Nepotus Vitae," in 1762. The first book
printed in the American colonies was
the "Bay Psalm Book," compiled by
Richard Mather, Thomas Welde, and
John Eliot, the Indian missionary, and

AT THE HOTELS.

"There is probably no land on earth
where superstition is so rife as in Haiti,"
said Hugo H. Charrier, of New Orleans,
La., at the New Willard, who has just
returned from a visit to the black re-
public.

"The people of Haiti exhibit many of
the oddities of thought and habit com-
mon to European races. They also have
native ideas of a far stranger character.
They are victims of a faith which domi-
nates their lives to an almost incredible
extent. That is the old system of witch-
craft which was brought with them from
Africa, and which has since been mod-
ified to some extent by the isolation of
their surroundings, a slight infiltration
of Christian doctrine, and the restraint
of nominal civilization. Comparatively
little is yet known by white people of the
real inner significance of the cult, though
its phenomena are obvious enough. The negro, simple as a child
in most things, is inscrutable when it
comes to the unseen forces that environ
his life and the personality and power
of the persons whom he believes have
dominion over him."

"Voodooism is the popular name of the
faith. Its basis is a belief in evil spirits
and their ability to hurt and destroy.
Good spirits also exist with the negro, but
these are harmless and are not feared.
There is, however, an urgent necessity to
confront the evil spirits, and hence we have
worship and sacrifice. These are con-
ducted by the papal or priest, and mambo
or priestess. The sacrifice consists of black
goats and fowls, and on great occasions the
'goat without horns,' that is, the human victim."

"Associated with the faith is the practice
of bush medicine. In connection with
this, the most extraordinary stories are
told of